

Tight Jeans by **chronicopheliac**

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Summary:

Steve had a new pair of jeans. Not the sort of thing Billy normally noticed, but these were... snug. They left nothing to the imagination. Nothing. (Link to image which inspired this fic inside!)

Tight Jeans

Author's Note:

[Image posted here](#) with the fic on my blog. XD
Dammit Keery!

Steve had a new pair of jeans. Not the sort of thing Billy normally noticed, but these were... snug. They left nothing to the imagination. Nothing.

"My eyes are up here, Hargrove." Steve leaned back against a row of lockers.

"It wouldn't be so difficult if you had some fucking decency."

Steve rolled his eyes. "I do have decency, you prick. You can always, you know. Not look."

Sitting on the bench put Billy at eye level with Steve's crotch. "But it's practically begging me to stare."

"Billy. I mean it. You're weirding me out."

A grin. "Why don't you come a little closer, I'll weird you out a little more."

Billy slid his fingers through Steve's belt loops and pulled him close. He pressed his face against the straining line of Steve's cock, breathing it in. The musky scent sent a spike of arousal straight to Billy's dick.

A smirk was the only warning Steve got before Billy mouthed over black denim, feeling the girth of him between his lips.

"S-shit, Billy," Steve said with a gasp. "You're making my jeans all wet."

"You're making me all wet, Harrington."

"What the hell, someone could walk in!"

Unzipping Steve's fly, Billy flashed a grin. "Better be fucking quick, then."

Steve could only moan as Billy's mouth sheathed him in tight, wet heat. "J-Jesus Christ."

Billy hummed at the back of his throat. Steve's cock stretched his mouth to the limit. There was something fucking electrifying about the image. He almost wanted to get caught, just to see the look on whatever poor fucker's face.

But this had to be quick. Getting caught was not an option.

He pressed his tongue up against the underside, glancing up when he felt Steve's fingers tangle into his hair. Hollowing his cheeks, he worked his mouth over Steve's cock like it was his fucking job. He had to fight back a choked laugh at Steve's moaning curses. It was exactly what he wanted to hear.

"O-oh fuck, oh shit, I-I'm--"

With a shudder, Steve spilled down Billy's throat. Determined to swallow every drop, Billy held Steve's hips steady and sucked him clean. He found he fucking loved the way Steve's fingers dug into his scalp and tugged at his hair. Something he hoped to experience again.

Voices echoed into the locker room. Steve jumped back and tucked himself back into his jeans, eyes wide with terror.

Billy laughed, standing up so he could crowd Steve against the locker. He made sure Steve could feel just how turned on he was. "Relax, Harrington. You can just tell 'em you pissed yourself."

"Oh for-- You're an asshole, Hargrove."

"Betcha can't wait to find out how big." He ran a fingertip down the side of Steve's face. "Maybe if you return the favour..."

Steve's cheeks turned pink. He shoved Billy off and grabbed his bag. "In your fucking dreams, jackass."

As Steve headed for the door, Billy called after him, “Yeah, and I’ll see you in yours, too. Any time you wanna return that favour, you know where to find me.”

It would only be a matter of time, Billy was sure.